



## A New Song Call'd the Rakesh Adventures of DANIEL O'NEILL

Come neighbours draw near til I tell you a tale  
And you'll hear the adventures o' Daniel O'Neill.

How I lost my character my watch & my clothes  
And how that I was to go at danger and odds

As my father had sent me to the town of Athlone  
My horses were loaded with barley & oats,  
I met a young damsel with 'soaps in her tail'  
She said yere Jack will on give us a drain.

I look'd all a-goon and stood in amaze,  
I view'd all her bonnces her bonnet and veil.  
She look'd so delightful I could not refrain,  
I offer'd her to-o if she'd come to partake,

Oh but what shall we do as the night is so late  
The shops are all close'd and I fear we shall fail,  
She said to the beerhouse we both shall resort  
To a full strong jorum of double refine'd

She brought me along til we came to a store;  
Where the sight of the beehive was over the door  
The bees were humming toasty sporting and playing  
And the honey i' geniously praws from the grain,

we call'd for a dram of the very best sort  
and we thought to lang til we'd begin the job  
When we thought this young damsel would come to no use  
She just was in humer to call for some more,

We fell to the drink til the senses were drown'd,  
Til I got so stup'd I fell to the ground,  
They put out the candle and left me in the dark,  
They fled with my money my clothes and my watch

It was early the next morning I open'd my eyes,  
The damsel was gone and no tidings could find,  
Not an atom at all did she leave on my bones,  
But me quite naked to shake w' h the cold,

I began to howl to excite 'em and to shout,  
And I was so alarm'd I'd wish I was drown'd,  
The Landlady open'd the door of my cell  
and she fell in a faint to see me on my pelt.  
They brought me an old trowsers all over'd with dust  
That was thrown on the lot since the time of the flood  
But as soon as I found myself able to crawl,  
I ramscack'd the trowsers th' dene and the pawes,

The people in multitudes at me did stare,  
Not a shirt nor a coat nor a hat did I wear,  
Miss Patterson a dan'd off to the Jail  
By a guard of Police-men to be tried the next day

They bol'd my hands and my feet as severe  
You'd think if you saw me I kill'd the Lord Mayor;  
Miss Patterson swore by her honour next day  
That I ran quite exposed in my skin through the square

My sentence was pass'd to go off to jail,  
And during six months for to mount the bl o' mare  
without bridle or saddle I jump'd on his back  
But she smother'd my shins when she began to trot

When I was let go I came back to the shop  
To search for my money my clothes and my watch  
Miss Sally was there on a bit of a tree  
And she never let on that she ever seen me,

Herself & her bulley began for to shout,  
And whilst they were talking young Sally got out,  
They gussie'd myse'f til I was n arly choked,  
And they landed me out in the sink for to grope,  
It was then I bethought of my mothers advice,  
To beware of night walking & be home in time,  
Like the prodigal son I was glad to be back  
But I stept in the pig house the dwelling was lock'd  
Next morning I humbly went to the door.

And my father he ask'd me wh t becam of my cloatht  
He ask'd me what happen'd my face & my nose,  
And he ask'd me what became of the price of the oats  
I told him the truth for I knew it was best,  
That the crime was eno'mous my faults to confess  
I ask'd him to grant me my pardon once more,  
And I'd try to induster the loss to restore  
My mother stood up & she did me embrace,  
And she said that I never before disobey'd  
She supplicated my father for to forgive me